

## My Dream: How DNF Broke the Internet Twice in the Span of Two Hours

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# My Dream: How DNF Broke the Internet Twice in the Span of Two Hours

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## Summary

“Yeah, just post a picture you have of us doing something cute, cover my face, and caption it ‘My Dream’, Twitter will lose it, and then we can go to sleep. Okay well, sleep is a lie, our mentions will be blowing up.”

## Notes

Thank you as always to the wonderful Malachitowykon! She's the reason this exists and makes grammatical sense.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George knew that he was eventually going to slip up on stream. He and Dream had been together for a while at this point, and Sapnap and BadBoyHalo made bets on who would fuck up first.

Of all the streams to screw up, it had to be the Among Us stream with seventy-seven thousand viewers, in the middle of the most intense section. It couldn't have happened where he could edit it out or play it like a joke. It seems fate just had it out for him.

He can basically predict what his phone will look like in the next seconds, a text from Dream, then one on the Dream Team group chat, then an annoyed one from Bad, blaming him for losing the 10 dollars he had bet. Before any of this can even happen, he tabs out of Twitch and mutes Twitter. That would be a monster of his own creation, and he has no intention of fighting it.

He hears the text from Dream come in, right on schedule.

“lmao knew it would be you first”

Then, quickly after, Dream texts again.

“play it like a joke, and I’m not mad, we can talk after”

George laughs and types out a smiley face in reply. He then sees the messages from Bad and the group chat. Sapnap has changed the name to “our dream” and sent a photo of the communist Bugs Bunny. He can check those later; right now, he has a few more rounds of Among Us to win.

George does not win another round of Among Us, Twitter is losing their minds, and despite Dreams reassurance, he hardly feels like the other man is happy with him. After saying goodnight to his chat and sending a raid to Karl, he opens up Discord. The 99+ notifications from “Our Dream” are slightly concerning, but as George scrolls, he sees that Bad and Sap decided to react live to their Among Us games, taking up nearly all the notifications. Moving over to his private messages with Dream, he can see that the blonde man is typing.

“hi :) call?”

George laughs at his boyfriend’s lack of punctuation but readily agrees. Seconds later, the Discord call tone is blaring in his headphones, and he picks up.

“Hey,” Dream says, voice muddled by sleep, “at least it took us this long to screw up.”

“You’re not mad?” said George.

He figures that after all the ship bait the fans had, this was not too much more. It was just frustrating, as this particular nickname was one he loved using. It had started as a joke, about how Dream was well, the man of his dreams, and then a play on his Minecraft name, and it morphed into something a whole lot more loaded than he realized.

“George, why would I be mad about this, we literally placed bets, and the fans don’t know anything. Even if that nickname means a lot to us, we can always find another one, unless...”

“Unless...?” George prompts.

“We make this our reason to tell them?”

“Dream, you’re kidding me, Kidding Me,” George replies, “I’m fine with telling them, but this is how we announce it?”

They’d had this discussion before, about telling their fans, the two of them had agreed that it didn’t need to be something special. They weren’t usually the type to plan major things anyway.

“Yeah, just post a picture you have of us doing something cute, cover my face, and caption it ‘My Dream,’ Twitter will lose it, and then we can go to sleep. Okay, well, sleep is a lie, our mentions will be blowing up.”

“Dream, you know your phone has a ‘Do Not Disturb’ option, right?”

“Okay, fair point, but still.”

“What picture would I even post I-”

“Oh wait, you’re actually doing this, okay.” Dream interjects, “Use the one of us in front of the water; you have it with the vlog footage.”

George sighs, “Dream we are literally kissing; that would be too much effort to edit.”

Dream goes quiet for a moment, then George can hear a wheeze over the phone.

“George, I will Cash App you 20 bucks to use the one of you in my arms.”

George knows the photo Dream is talking about; the blonde had been making fun of their height difference, and had decided to try to princess carry the smaller brunette. The resulting photo is sappy as it is embarrassing. George is making a face somewhere between awe and confusion. He had just been lifted just off the ground with no warning, and was still adjusting to his feet going out from under him. Logically he knew Dream could lift him; he just didn't expect it to be so warm or for it to feel so safe. Dreams face was smug, but beyond that, he looked as if he was seeing Starry Night for the first time. George almost can't believe he's the one Dream is looking at, but he knows that the love in his face is visible too. It's a little silly, and definitely not perfect, but it's them, and that's enough.

“George, I will make it 30 if you make the caption ‘My Clay.’” Dream says, breaking the silence of the call.

“Dream, you are going to murder our fans,” George says laughing, Dream was always an instigator. He could never just light a match. He would have to go find kerosene. “They're our source of income, I don't want them dead.”

“Look, it won't *kill* them, just probably break the internet for a few minutes; we do that like twice a week anyway.”

George can only shake his head, “The Twitter trending guy already hates us, might as well make him wish we stopped using the internet.” He opens the photo on his phone, makes a copy, places a smiley face sticker over Dreams face, then saves it, and opens Twitter.

“Hey Dream, would it be mean of me to use the DNF hashtag?” Dream may be on a hunt for kerosene, but never let it be said that George wouldn't help him.

“It's only mean if it isn't true.” Dream replies easily.

My Clay <3

#Dreamnotfoundiscanon

[photo id: A tall, blonde man, presumably Dream, with a smiley face sticker covering his actual face, has George in a bridal carry. George can be seen laughing and is staring at the other with a strange combination of love and mirth.]

8.2k Retweets 324.7k Likes 12.3k Comments

**Dream @Dream**

My George <3

**BadBoyHalo @BadBoyHalo**

My poor \$10, congrats you two!!!

**Sapnap @sapnap**

today i'm \$10 richer and get to watch you two break dttwt, congrats!!

**TommyInnit @tommyinnit**

POGCHAMP!!!

George watches as his Twitter timeline explodes in congratulations, surprise, and key smashing somewhere in between the two. He knows that somewhere buried in the replies, he will find hate, but why focus on that? He gets to love his Dream, *his Clay*, for the world to see, and that is all that really matters.

“So Dream,” George asks, “would you be so opposed to recreating this photo sometime soon?”

“I’m already looking at flights.” Dream replies, the joy in his voice can be heard even from 6000 miles away.

“Don’t worry about a hotel; you can just stay with me.”

He knows seeing Dream again is nothing short of, well, a dream come true. He just hopes that one day he can wake up from his dreams, and have Clay next to him.

End Notes

DNF brain rot stays winning.

This is my first attempt at fluff in ages, I hope it was enjoyable!!

Comments and Kudos feed my soul, lets hope I don't starve!

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